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OF

MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

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SONGS WITHOUT NOTES

BY

LEWIS MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE EPIC OF HADES," ETC.

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

1894

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P R E F A C E.

THE writer once more submits to his many friends a volume, consisting mainly of lyrical verse.

The poem "From an American Sermon" is a transcript from the last sermon preached in London by the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts. That "From an English Sermon" is from a fine volume by his countryman, the late Thomas Jones, published, with a preface, by his admirer, Mr. Browning, under the title of "The Divine Order." "The Hymn of Kleanthes" is a translation from the poem quoted by St. Paul at Athens. "Homer Blind" is based on a fragment of Aristotle.

PENBRYN,

March, 1894.

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SONGS WITHOUT NOTES.



AT A COUNTRY WEDDING.

BRING roses, youths, red roses, with full hands ;
Bring lilies, maidens, snow-white, delicate ;
See at life's threshold full-lipped Eros stands,
And white Loves hover round the flower-hung gate :
Bring smiles and jocund strains,
Laughter and jovial mirth ;
For still the young God reigns
O'er all the earth.

Sing carols, maidens, carols to his name ;
Sound, striplings, sound for joy a lusty note ;
Acclaim him, pipe and flute, as when he came
To Hellas or old Nile in years remote ;

Raise gleeful hymns and high
To the blue vault above ;
He lives, he cannot die,
Immortal Love !

Forget ye, as the wise earth doth forget,
Calm in divine oblivion of the years,
The slow-paced ages and their load, the fret
Of hopes illusive, and distracting fears ;
The cares, the toils, the strife,
Wherethrough man's labouring feet
Have trod the round of life ;
Yet found it sweet.

For fair as once was Hellas, fair and young
Our June-lit England shows, and lovelier still
Than clear Cephissus' waters oft-times sung,
Cool Isis doth her liliated fountains fill.

Young is the earth, youth knows not change,
And Love renews himself—the same
As in dim years and regions strange
His altar-flame.

Thro' golden buttercups and crested grass,
To the lone, ivied church beneath the yew,
Gaily, oh white procession, gaily pass !
'Tis the old worship, tho' the rite be new.
Thro' youth's full veins to-day
The same quick pulses move ;
Still Hymen beareth sway
And crowneth Love.

Forget the tired earth's plenitude of years,
Forget Time's weird Aeolian music sad ;
Touch not a chord, think not a thought, but cheers
Lift high, lift only merry strains and glad.

A little, little while we are,
Sing youths and maids with joyous voice !
Forget long hopes and issues far ;
To-day rejoice !

Bring roses, youths, red roses, with full hands ;
Bring lilies, maidens, snow-white, delicate.

FROM AN AMERICAN SERMON.

STRETCHED open to high heaven
Each humble rood of earth unsheltered lies,
The worlds regard it from the vault of space,
Serene, unnumbered eyes !

Beneath it everywhere
Are centred living fires which seethe and glow ;
A little from the surface you shall reach
The dreadful depths below.

Clear brook or stately stream
Struggling through flowers, or rolling silently
Majestic waters, lose themselves alike
In the surrounding sea.

So every human soul,
Set here betwixt its twin eternities,
Stands open to Heaven's eye, fares on to doom
 'Mid opposite mysteries.

And tho' immured it seem,
By narrow walls of circumstance confined,
Shut from Heaven's face, closed to all vital airs,
 Is blown through by God's wind.

Aye, tho' the deep shaft's side
Obscure the eye of noon, yet new stars shine ;
Tho' day is blinded, a new lucid night
 Opens its eyes divine.

There is no port of life
So landlocked from the deep, so dead, so still,
But sometimes, spume-flecked from the Infinite Sea,
 Fresh tides in-rushing fill.

There is no lot so low
No glimpse of cloudless heaven nor faint-eyed star
Can reach it, wake it, shine on it, nor bring
Some radiance from afar ;

No soul so cold or calm
But underneath it burns the infernal fire ;
None so cast down, so vile,
It may not to the heaven of heavens aspire.

Above, beneath, around,
Dread destinies encompass great and small ;
One Will, one Hand, one all-regarding Eye,
Surveys and governs all.

DAY DAWN.

A I R E S H breeze wakes over land and sea

With the dawning of day ;

A trouble, a travail, a newness beginning to be `

As the mists roll away ;

And the young God, his pennons glancing with roseate
light,

Routs the cohorts of Night.

And the dark shadows curdle and then grow grey,

Then a sound as of wings

Divides the thin gloom as it melts and is hurried away ;

Some sentinel sings,

And, proud with the conqueror's pride for the victor
won,

Forth issues the sun.

YULE TIDE.

THE wolds are ghostly white,
The howling tempests rave ;
Sad Winter's weary night

Hides the fair Summer's grave.
Alas, for her dead charms, her glories flown,
Her clear nights, sweet with roses overblown !

Thro' the still, slumb'rous hours
No more the brook's soft tune
Lulls in her odorous bowers
The drowsy ear of June.
The streams, all prisoned fast, lie dumb and still,
Or, roaring to the sea, the drownèd valleys fill.

The sad town 'neath its shroud
Of murky darkness cowers ;
Upon the care-worn crowd
A deeper shadow lowers ;
O'er wretched hovels, lacking food and fire,
Day, scarce awakened, dies in cold and mire.
Yet, 'mid the gloom, the chill,
The happy lights of home,
Brighter and dearer still
Than in high summer, come :
By the warm hearth, on childhood's sunny head,
The lamp's soft light is like a glory shed.
Blest time ! more precious far
Than skies of cloudless blue ;
Our fondest memories are,
Not Summer's, but of you :
The feast, the joyous dance, the frozen pool,
The headlong chase, the keen delights of Yule.

THE SOUL IN NATURE.

WHAT is the message of the thunderous main ?
Or secret of the lone, untrodden hills ?
What spell the starry midnight silence fills ?
Or wakes the tossing woods to shrieks of pain ?
They are but water, earth or air ;
Shall things material, dread or fair,
Our soaring flights and heavenward aims control,
And within mundane limits chain the imperious soul ?

What is the glamour of the kindling eye,
The golden locks, the lip, the cheek of youth ?
They are but forgeries of hidden Truth,
Which Time, unheeding, flouts and passes by,

Thin, fleeting visions swiftly past,
But such fair dreams can longer last
And deeper than reality inspire
The prisoned soul, and touch her lips with fire.

The soul it is ! the soul ! which sits alone
And mirrors all things in her depths and draws
Brute Nature to her own sufficing laws,
And on the Heights of Being maketh moan
For Fate, for fixed Necessity
Which rules her, nor will set her free
But snatches her thro' endless wastes of space
On strong dark wings, but veils its awful face.

Therefore on all things would she set her sign,
Mirroring in her deeps all things that are,
Projects herself beyond the faintest star,
Seeking where'er she flies a Face Divine,

And, being Time's first-born and chief,
Nurses some fixed yet vague belief,
Half fearful lest some alien Presence rise
And blight her hone with unregarding eyes.

THE FALSE PAST.

In the Golden Past

Summer skies were brighter,
Youth more frank and loyal,
Age more true and tender,
Love sincere and selfless,
In the Golden Past !

In the Golden Past

Men were more as brothers,
High and low drawn closer,
Faith's clear face serener,
Sophist voices silent,
In the Golden Past !

Ah, the Golden Past !

Ah, the dreaming fancies !

Thin, illusive glamour !

Flouting our poor Present,

Paling man's bright Future,

False and fabulous Past !

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

WHEN birds salute the loitering dawn,
And faint, warm sunbeams wake the bee,
From the dim fields of Memory
The veil is year by year withdrawn.
The dear, dead Springs revive once more,
And I grow young again ;
Sweet is the world again, as 'twas of yore,
And thought of parted joys is precious pain.
Woo the pale flowers, blithe bee ; sing, rippling voice ;
Rejoice, be glad, and I too will rejoice.

When the white pear-bloom lights the wall,
And gilly-flowers embalm the air ;
When shining chestnut-cases fall,
And lilacs cluster fair ;

When 'mid the bursting coverts show
, The blue-eyed violets and the wind-flowers' snow,
Or starry celandines with shining gold,
The old, dead Springs, forgot by all but me,
Their vanished blooms unfold.
Can I forget the buried years?
Not then, not then, shall I forget
Life's fresh dawns dewy-wet.
Sing, thrush ; flute, starling ; hover, wanton bee,
And wake a rapture dimmed by happy tears.

What gives the youngling Spring a tongue to call?
Till with swift step the ghostly Past draws nigh,
Our Midsummers are dumb ;
No voice is theirs, nor spell which can enthrall
Their painted garden-glories, high and sweet,
Blow silently and fleet unheeded by ;

No message brings the white rose or the red
From Junes remote and dead.
Nay, even the cloistered lilies virginal
Awake no stirrings of unrest divine.
The autumnal glories fine,
From ripeness to decay,
Are mute, and pass away.
The reddening orchards and the yellowing wheat
Steal by with noiseless feet,
The glowing pageant marching voicelessly
On its appointed way till Winter come.
These flower within the present, or bear fruit ;
But all their Past is mute,
And the dead days of Winter speak no word
Of years long done, nor touch an answering chord.

But not a snowdrop lights the wintry gloom,
And not a crocus flames from out the grass,

And not a primrose smiles on bank or lea,
And not a cherry hides its sprays in bloom ;
But suddenly for me
The grey mists lift, the gathered shadows pass,
The undying Past once more begins to be.
The daisy and the lamb upon the field
Are wonders new-revealed ;
Youth's long-strange thoughts return, the world grows
 gay,
And with the increasing day
The tide of Time ebbs refluent, and I seem
To hear again the hurrying, high-voiced stream
Laugh by Life's founts ; for whom long since the deep,
Slow-footed, rolls asleep
Thro' hushed autumnal marshes to the sea.

Then wake, oh world, again ;
Dear vanished Springs, revive for young and old,

Shine, morning years with scarce-abated gold ;
Return, oh sweet half-pain,
That comest of remembrance of years done.
A little while we are beneath the sun ;
Let us not all forget
The treasure of long hope redoubled by regret :
The springtides of the soul, which in that strange new
 birth
Shall blossom once again, if never else on earth.

IN THE BEGINNING.

How first did the Cosmical Order cohere from the voids
of space?

What was the secret law of its being, or fashion of
birth?

What bound the compacted atoms in numberless
Suns, as in Earth,

Till the young orbs circled for ever, each in its
place

What else than a vibrant thrill, which throbbed from the
central brain,

Pulsing through limitless space with a silent har-
monious beat,

Keeping the rhythm unchanged of some weird and
mystical strain,

Till the synchronous waves of the ether grew one,
and the Worlds complete.

Even as by a vibrant note, when the film or the sand is
stirred,

The separate atoms cohere in the form of a perfect
flower,

The Ineffable Spirit at first, the Eternal Infinite Word,
Breathed, and the Universe blossomed in perfectness
under its power.

Still the great World's-symphony sounds, if only our souls
might hear ;

Still, to a mystical music, the suns in their courses ring ;
Still, by secret rhythms unheard, are ruled the revolvable
spheres,

And together as at the first the stars of the morning sing.

Oh, mighty inaudible music which holdest and governest
all,

Sound, sound on our mortal ears thy note of heavenly
rest,

On our warring, discordant souls let Thy gracious har-
monies fall,

Till our inmost recesses of being are filled with Thy
voice and are blest.

And when Thy compelling Will, unseen Creator, is done
Let Thy Seraph peal a new note at dawn from Thy
heavenly gate,

Till Thy Cosmical Order dispels, like a mist in the
rising sun,

And Thy great orbs are lost in the void, and Thy
Universe uncreate !

ON A POEM CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

A LITTLE sheaf of words I speed
Across the storm-vest wintry wave,
Not knowing if 'twill float, indeed,
Or find in grisly depths a grave.

Tossed, on the vast Atlantic deep
It ventures ; icebergs from the north
Assail it, blinding sca-mists creep—
Through all it flies undaunted forth.

The strong ship heels beneath the blast,
The giant engines throb and thrill,
That mighty heart beats fiercely still
Till the long enterprise is past.

And with it done, the little scroll
This hand has written, from the sea
Is born, with some faint trace of me,
A child begotten of the soul.

Then if at length some joy it give
To souls by life's great load opprest,
Cheer some poor fainting heart to live,
Or bring some weary traveller rest,

More than the meed of gold or fame
Or honour to my soul it brings,
For now it speaks with lips of flame,
And lifted on celestial wings.

ICARUS.

'Twas a beautiful morning in Spring,
The laburnums, the lilacs showed fair,
Blue irises blossoming,
And a bustle of life everywhere.

And one immature fledgling had come,
Enfranchised that day from the nest,
Like our children who, parting from home,
Fly far to the East or the West.

What a spreading of fluttering wings !
What chirpings, what pride in their child !
As, forgetting terrestrial things, ·
The parents for gladness grow wild.

'Tis a lesson in flight, they essay,
As, led by the teaching of love,
The feeble wings flutter away,
The weak limbs endeavour to move.

Now before and above him they dart,
With short flights and encouraging calls ;
Now the poor pupil harmlessly falls,
Engrossed in his partly learnt art.

And the neighbours and gossips, who sit
On the twigs of the bushes around,
Join the clamorous chorus and flit
Up and down 'twixt their seats and the ground.

Long lasted the lesson. At length
Those feeble wings tempted the air
Full a yard, in their newly found strength !
You had thought they had Icarus there !

Such chirpings, such shouts of applause !

Such a chorus of innocent glee !

Unconscious that under the tree

Crept a monster with pitiless jaws.

Quick ! a flash and a dart and a spring,

And the learner, with terror-choked breath,

Sharp pain, and a profitless wing,

Is snatched by the spoiler to death.

Was it Nature that doomed him ? Why, then,

Did I start with a curse in pursuit,

Forgetting the usage of men,

More cruel by far than the brute ?

Vain chase ! O'er a neighbouring wall,

They vanish ; yet somehow to-day

I hear the poor parents' sad call,

When their darling was ravished away.

AT THE GATE.

THRO' the young morning, mile on mile,
On my swift wheel alone I glide ;
See wood and field and hamlet smile,
And all the landscape glorified.

A young man freed from toil at length,
Who labour far from friends and home,
Glad with the joy of youth and strength,
To these sweet solitudes I come.

And on this summer morning calm,
The long week's dust and turmoil done,
Leave the dull town, to drink the balm
Of scented pines and take the sun,

And let the country's peace and rest
Sink on my restless soul, and breed
A kindred quiet in my breast,
And hints of some sufficing creed.

The grey church fills ; the cheerful ray
Soft on the latticed casements falls ;
Softly the breath of summer day
Plays spiced with June around the walls.

And quickly thro' the golden leas
The dutiful processions wend,
Then thro' the arching secular trees,
Like those who seek a faithful friend.

The mad chimes haste, then slower come,
Toll gravely, and at last grow dumb,
And thro' the wide doors, faint and dim,
Float the first echoes of the hymn.

Beneath this thick-leaved elm awhile,
Forgetful of the turbid street,
I rest, and let the influence sweet
The fever of my soul-beguile.

For it is Sunday everywhere.
The lark a Sabbath carol sings,
To blossomed meads and odorous air,
And murmurous hum of wooing wings.

The dozing teams beside the pool
Whisk their long tails, and, fetlock-deep
In dewy meadow-grasses cool,
Munch lazily, then fall asleep.

The bold pie chatters in the shade,
Well knowing she is safe to-day ;
Fearless the moorhens dip and wade,
The bounding conies fearless play.

All breathes a seeming calm and rest ;
The glad world sleeps a Sabbath sleep ;
While on boon Nature's tranquil breast
God's peace, His careless creatures keep.

Shall I not worship, then, with these,
Old trees and fleeting flowers that blow ?
Share the great Mother's joyous ease,
And watch her long-plumed grasses grow,

And let the spirit of old earth
Grow one with mine till both shall fly,
Winged by some new, mysterious birth,
Beyond the confines of the sky ?

Here in this long-aisled avenue,
Roofed only by the unbounded blue,
Are liturgies diviner yet
Than those the pitiless years forget.

Here from these blithe, untutored lays
Of chanting birds serene and clear,
A sweeter symphony of praise
Ascends to take the Eternal ear

Than in yon humble church hard by ;
Nay, in the immemorial quires
Of twilight-minsters soaring high,
The worshipper's rapt soul inspires.

But can unaided Nature draw
Our worship? Can her stern decrees,
Triumphant Strength, unbending Law,
Fit praying hands and bended knees?

Shows she, Benign, Almighty, Just,
Who slays the Unit for the Race,
Whom neither Pity moves nor Grace ;
Whose cold voice cries, "What must be, must ;"

To whom the fairest human Soul,
Tho' with a thousand jewels drest—
Purity, reverence, self-control,
Love, aspiration for the best—

Is less than his who laughs to scorn
All laws but hers, and breaks in twain
Poor hearts, and lives his life in vain—
A vile life, better never born ;

Who unregarding, stalks through blood
And suffering, blindly to her end,
Nor shrinks from Ill, nor yearns for Good,
Careless whate'er the Future send ;

Who framed the tiger, tooth and claw,
The eagle's rending beak, the snake
With poison-fangs and coils, to take
Fresh victims for the ravening maw ?

The very ground on which I lie
Bears rapine on each blade of grass.
Stern rapine wings the dragon-fly,
The darting swifts that glance and pass.

And in yon flower-faced, slumbrous pool
Pain wakes and rapine day and night.
The same unchanging evil rule
The terror of unpitying Might.

See, a swift trouble cuts the air,
A rush of cruel, arrowy wings,
And yon blithe throstle as she sings,
To death the pouncing talons bear.

And singled from the helpless throng,
Despairing, faint, with failing breath,
Half blind, a coney limps along,
With, close behind, unerring Death.

Nay, not to her I kneel. I hold
Better than this the Atheist's creed,
Which chills the heart with accents cold,
If thus I may supply my need.

Tho' the world teem with wrong and pain,
What matter, if no Power Divine
Framed this rebellious soul of mine,
This soul which drags and loathes its chain?

The great World-System on its course . . .
Goes unregarding, dumb, and blind ;
How reach the dull, deaf ear of Force,
Or touch with ruth its careless mind ?

Not this I worship. 'Twere to kneel
In a void shrine, whose God had fled ;
We only worship when we feel ;
We owe no reverence to things dead.

And can this dim Abstraction fill
The hungry heart, the soul that yearns
For ever closer union still
With that far central Life which burns,

And lights, and first did animate
All things that are, and can control
The infinite orbits, small and great,
And Man's immeasurable soul?

For surely, though far off He is,
We hear His voice, not only here,
But in the clamorous city; clear
It speaks through precious sanctities.

How shall a young man cleanse his way,
His sore-tried way, save by the thought,
Too precious for his lips to say,
Which points to some diviner "Ought"?

The flaring streets allure to sin ;
Evil besets his lonely bed ;
Heaven seems too strait to enter in,
'Too faint the precepts of the dead.

Yet oft the Tempter's voice in vain
Assails him ; oft the thoughts of home
And simple childhood's whiteness come,
And give him strength to strive again ;

Or if he fall, yet shall he rise,
And, breaking the dark jails of sense,
See a white radiance light the skies,
And hail recovered Innocence.

Were Conscience ^{*}dumb, did Nature bind,
Even as the brutes are bound, my mind,
I were content as those to be,
Nor seek invisible Deity.

But hark ! through all the House of Life,
The cloistered cell, the clamorous crowd,
Night's cool and calm, Day's dust and strife,
A voice of Godhead pleading loud.

Shall I then kneel with those, and raise
My voice with theirs ; who know of old
'The Century's deep disease, which slays
Our Faith, and strikes our yearnings cold-

I who have listened while the coarse,
Glib unbeliever marshalled out
His legions of unfaithful Doubt,
And found no other God but Force,

And held the Christian tale in scorn,
The God-like Victim virgin-born,
The atoning pain, the mystic Cross,
The sacred salutary loss ?

What care I? God there is, I know,
Who rules the Worlds and bade us be ;
But shall He care for things below,
And show His hidden face to me ?

Too far away He seems to stand,
Too bright, if present, for our need ;
Nor else than through the Faith, His hand
Has given us, know we Him, indeed.

No other gave He. The strong Hours
Have wreaked in vain their age-long Powers,
Unchanged as from His lips it came ;
To-day it lives and rules the same.

Enough for me, and for my need ;
Enough for dear lives dead and gone ;
No other Faith is ours, nor Creed,
To speed the labouring ages on.

Then since He is, and since no more
Without Him can I live and move,
I join the ranks of Faith and Love,
And rise and enter and adore !

DESERTED.

THE Sunday crowds in the park were gay,
The tree-roses burned with a blaze of bloom ;
There came not a cloud nor a shadow of gloom
Over the face of the smiling day.

But hard by the lake was a hushed throng set
Round a fair girl child of some five brief years,
Standing forlorn, with her blue eyes wet,
Striving to keep down the rising tears.

A brave little figure in mien and dress,
One of those who are cradled in luxuries,
With the air of command that is born of ease—
What caused this innocent's sharp distress ?

'Twas not much as it seemed to the careless eye
Of the thoughtless wayfarer hurrying by ;
Some trivial childish sorrow and pain,
Which would pass like a dream and be righted again.

But motherly women of every degree,
Knowing, as never a man may know,
What it meant, indeed, and what things should be,
With sad eyes and pitying voices low,

Stooped down to kiss her and asked her in vain
What was her name, and the place of her home ;
For no other answer but this might come,
“ My name is Effie,” again and again.

“ Where is mamma ? We were sitting there ;
She sent me to look at the little ships.
Take me back ; I am tired.” Could a mother bear
To hear that poor cry from those childish lips ?

Then I went on my way, and I left them there,
Since no help might I give, full of musings long ;
But somehow no longer the day seemed fair,
And, turning, I came on a growing throng.

And a fatherly constable, stalwart and mild,
Bore away in his arms the abandoned child,
To wait till her mother should take her home,
The pitiless mother who never would come,

But hurried away on her cowardly feet,
Lost in the holiday throngs of the street,
To her life of shameful pleasure again,
Branded deep with the murderous brand of Cain.

Leaving her child to the sordid doom,
The life in death of the workhouse room.—
Dark tragedies compass us every day
Tho' the skies are bright and the flowers are gay !

SURSUM.

“THE Rose is sweet no more,”
I hear a voice complain ;
“The morning-glow of yore
Comes not again.

“No more the sunset skies
Keep their old molten gold ;
Life and the world grow cold,”
That sad voice sighs.

But look ! Far overhead,
Scarce risen, scarce begun,
In nascent glory spread,
Another sun.

And from the mountain snows, on golden feet,
The Lord of Life leaps down, and makes Creation sweet.

And every opening flower
Breathes with a perfumed breath,
As Life's ascending power
Routs night and death.

And the world, risen from the shame of night,
Turns to the Orient and acclaims the Light.

“SWEETHEART, FORBEAR.”

“SWEETHEART, forbear.” Thus said I to my dear.

She, with rebellious grace,

And light of wayward fancy on her face,

And some half-smile, half-tear :

“Nay, silence is not peace.

’Twere better far than this wholly to cease,

If I should know no more

The rapture of revolt, the joyous strife,

The free unfettered air I breathed before.”

So we long time assailed with hot debate,

And kindling voice and word,

Deep problems, which a myriad souls have stirred—

Foreknowledge, Freedom, Fate—

Till, wearied out at last,
Hand clasped in hand, without a word we twain,
Gazing at moonrise on the silvered main,
Knew a strange calm enfold our doubt with peace,
And all the stress and conflict stilled and past.

DAY AND NIGHT.

NIGHT comes and hides away
The splendours of the Day ;
Death, like a veil, makes dark
Life's spark.

But as upon the sky,
Soon as the sunbeams die,
Glimmers some feeble star
Afar,

Life, hidden from our eyes,
Rises on other skies,
And draws from suns more bright
New light.

A LAST WILL.

I, FRANÇOIS FONIENEY, coming to die,
After long life expended in the cure
Of suffering men, through that which I have learnt
Of healing medicine, do hereby make
This my last Will and Testament, and die
At peace with God and all except myself,
As you shall find hereunder when you read.

For always since my first-remembered years
Such quenchless thirst for knowledge occupied
My soul, that never with the vulgar herd
Of full-fed youths, who game and drink and worse,
Yet take no shame, I dwelt, but studious days,

Prolonged through the dead night, till the cold
dawn

Found me with fires burnt out.

Thus thro' long years
Of vigils and a chaste, unsullied youth,
I came at last to manhood and the fruit
Of full enfranchised life, my boyish thirst
'To know, unsatisfied still. I found scant time
For friendship or for love ; yet not the less
The irrepressible longing of the youth
For hearth and home was mine. One woman only
I worshipped from afar, lifting shy eyes
'That scarcely dared to love. I hardly think
She knew that she was loved, so shrunk my soul
From utterance, tho' I worshipped her indeed.
And when she chose her mate, I schooled my heart
With doubly jealous care. No spoken word
Nor look betrayed me ; tho' full well I knew

What little tell-tale signs reveal the god
To the keen sight of maids. Yet tho' I loved
I think she never knew it, maid or wife.

But friendship for her and her husband cheered
My solitary hours. His work it was
To minister to souls diseased, as mine
To bodily ills. So day by happy day
We lived in union, soul with kindred soul
Working in harmony, and Love, unseen,
Binding three lives in one. The friendless youth,
Friendless no longer, up the rugged path
Of knowledge with swift paces climbed, nor ceased
Till the rough path grew smoother, and success
Was his and modest wealth ; but still he kept
His boyish friendship and his eager thirst
For knowledge. Wellnigh thirty years have fled
Since those bright days, and still in age I keep

Their memory undimmed—the blameless life,
Which strove for God; the young and gracious
woman ;

With pure affection beaming from her eyes—
Wife, mother, friend—a Trinity of love
And beauty, vanished long, deceased and dead !

What piteous tale is mine ? Think ye I fell
Into the Tempter's net, which your own youth,
Past now, my children, spread for you in vain ?
The base, disloyal wickedness which wrecks
A stainless woman's troth, a husband's honour,
The happiness of children, hearth, and home,
For one base appetite, when to succeed
Is treachery and dishonour ; the vile wrong
Which in our splendid sinful sister France
Pollutes a nation's fealty, yet inspires,
As from the dung-heap springs the perfumed rose,

A myriad hectic life-tales fancy bred ?
Nay, nay ; no thought of this was mine, nor peril,
I loved them both too well, even in thought,
To sully those I loved, and most of all
I loved my art, and gave my soul to it ;
My noble art, which stays the power of Pain
And Death, engrossed my mind, my heart, my soul,
My toiling days, my studious nights, and left me
Virgin in act and thought.

Ah, happy days

Of honest labour, with their added sum
Of knowledge hour by hour ! I could not fall
From such high conversation as they fall
Into black nothingness of Faith and God,
Whom narrower knowledge and the purblind quest
Of lens and scalpel blind to the Divine ;
I kept my faith undimmed. Love day by day,

A good man's words, and more, a good man's life,
Expended on compassion, shielded me
Till prosperous manhood crowned my studious youth.

Ah, happy, fleeting days ! too fair to last ;
For soon a gradual shadow settled down
On that bright home. The gracious mother came
To grow a little graver, then to droop
With some immedicable ill. Long months
I strove to save her, pitying her pain
And his who loved her ; but I strove in vain,
For day by day she suffered, every day
Her pitiful weakness grew. I searched the lore
Of healing far and wide ; I did consult
The foremost teachers of my art in vain ;
For still the quick, sharp stab around the heart,
The difficult, laboured breath grew worse, and I
Knew myself impotent to save or aid,

For all my useless skill ; while he, her husband,
Was half distraught. So passed the unhappy days,
The hopeless days, till last the labouring heart
Beat slow and slower yet, and then stood still.

Shall I forget the blank, the nothingness,
Which, when her life was done, and the white corpse
Lay in its shroud, came on that wretched house,
The dull, deep pain ; till on the weary sense
There dawned again the old desire to know
The unsatisfied, quenchless thirst ? If I might solve
The secret of her ill, and aid a little
The suffering Race of men ! One rapid stroke
Of the keen knife might in a moment bare
The secret, and enlarge the bounds of knowledge !
A hundred times my hand had done this thing,
Hardened by use ; but how to violate
That pure, cold calm ? Surely 'twere sacrilege !

And well I knew my friend who worshipped her
Would shudder at the thought. Yet still it came ;
The o'ermastering thought oppressed me day and night,
The inarticulate voice unceasing called,
Till came the last sad day when she was laid
Within her narrow bed, and he and I
Followed and wept together, and awhile
The muttering voice was hushed, and I had peace.

But when I left the house of grief, and night
Had fallen, through the darkling hours the thought
And voice renewed themselves, and seemed to fill
My brain, and arm my hand, and urge my feet,
Bearing some flickering lantern thro' the gloom,
Scarce conscious that I went, or with what end,
Whither I knew not, till the midnight hour
Tolled from the darkness downward, and behold !
The pile of heaped-up mould as yet unfilled,

Beside the new-made grave, by which that day
I stood and wept, and strewn around it still
The spade, the mattock—all the dreadful tools
Which render earth to earth. Then as I mused,
As one who part mislays the thread of thought,
Forgetting why I came, the same cold voice
In tones of thunder bade me tread the path
Of Duty, sweeping all aside but this—
Love, friendship—all but this. “Do this, and see
What gain of knowledge for our hapless race
Awaits thee. This poor vesture of decay,
Which, like the chrysalis, the ascending soul
Leaves with its load of pain; this thou hast pierced
So oft for others, pierce once more, and know
The secret which thy skill suspects lies hid
Beyond that clay-cold flesh.”

*
Then with a cry

I seized the spade and leapt into the grave,

And, delving, in a frenzy, flung aside
The new-fallen mould, till with a groaning sound
I struck the coffin lid, and prised away
The nails with bleeding hands, scarce owning yet
What thing it was I would.

But when I saw
By my dim lantern's light the pale, cold face,
I loved and lost, a sudden trembling shook
My limbs and stayed my hand and froze my blood,
So fair she seemed and pure, wrapt in her shroud
And decked with drooping lilies. Then I braced
My nerves, determined now to do the deed,
And carefully with reverent hand disclosed
That wasted bosom. But before I drew
The thin, keen blade, and while I paused in doubt,
With paralysed will, loathing to violate
The sanctity of Death, a crushing blow

Assailed me from above, and, ere I turned,
Another, and I saw in the dim light
The fierce, distracted visage of my friend,
Frenzied with grief. Then, knowing 'twas in vain
To appease his fury, staggering to the spade,
I struck him with it once, in hope to stun him
And fly, but on his temple the sharp edge
Descending crushed his brain, and he fell dead
Upon his dead wife's grave.

Then when I saw
The wound, and knew my hapless hands' mischance,
I swooned beside the dead.

But when at length
My life returned, 'twas dead of night ; no sound
Awoke the dreadful silence where they lay,
Two corpses side by side. The lamp still burned

Faint with a dying flame. There lay my friend,
And I, his murderer, gazed on him. There lay
The woman of my blameless love, and I
Bent o'er her in her shroud. Then rose again
The half-dead love of life, and bade me take
Some swift resolve. I smoothed the stiffening limbs
Of him I slew, and where his wife had lain
Laid him at rest, and closed the coffin-lid,
And piled the mould again as 'twas before
And levelled it, and as the feeble light
Died, 'mid the pitchy darkness stooped and took
The shrouded corpse of her I loved and bore her—
Thankful to Heaven I could not see her face—
Slowly with faltering paces to my home.

Ah me, how light she was—the wasted form
Which in my arms I bore ! I seemed to move
In some weird dream, as thro' the little town,

Where no light burned, I stole. No horror now
Assailed me, knowing I was innocent
Of what had been, in will if not in act,
And that the wish to know and aid the Race
Alone—nought else—impelled me. All the way
I went came no belated wayfarer,
For from the rayless heavens dense sheets of rain
Fell, and a great wind rising and the roll
Of crashing thunder hindered sight and sound,
As, by the lurid lightning-flashes led,
Thro' the dark ways I bore the shrouded dead.

Till when I gained my home (so like to this
It well might be the same) I struck a light
Softly, and to the lonely vault below
Bore the dear corpse, and then the precious gain
For which I dared so much was mine. I breathed
A prayer, and three times essayed to commence

The task I loathed; but long time the skilled
hand

Which duty nerved, trembling, refused to hold
The keen, dividing blade: At last I braced
My desperate will, and bared with one swift stroke
The painless heart, and soon the mystery
Of all the evil and its cure was mine,
And power to heal and triumph over Pain
And Death ; and suddenly my o'erwrought soul
Was filled with such consuming ecstasy
As wellnigh blotted out the night's sad work
And that which I did then.

Last, with dim eyes
 I toiled the livelong night and hollowed out
 A narrow grave. There, wrapt within her shroud,
 With one sad, reverent kiss—the first and last—
 Upon her clay-cold brow, I laid my love—

(’Tis wellnigh thirty years since that dread night)—
I laid my love at rest. There she lies still.

I think I hardly knew a sense of grief
Nor fear, when with the noon my weary eyes
Woke to another day. The furious storm
Blotted the trampling footmarks from the mould
Around the grave, and all the tell-tale signs
Of that fierce struggle. It was noised abroad
How the slain man who lay for ever still
By his own church, distraught with grief and pain,
Had flung his life away. No faintest trace
They found of him, and then the piteous tale
Faded from out the careless minds of men.

But their two orphaned infants, girl and boy—
Scarce older than yourselves—I took awhile
To my own home, and cherished as my own,

And loved as I love you (you, too, have lost
A mother, if a father you have still,
And are part orphans) ; and I think they loved me,
And love me still. But now the flying years
Have left them men and women, as are ye,
And brought new precious cares to fill their hearts,
As they have yours.

My life since that sad night
Seemed not unhappy. I have reaped the fruit
Of that successful quest. Power and fame
And wealth are mine ; and you have shared with me
All that I had to give. But more than all
I prize, and plead for pardon of my wrong,
The thousands whom my skill, gained at what price
You know, has cured, and shall while life's slow wain
Groans on its painful way. I had no thought
In life but this ; and yet a sudden impulse,

The mischance of a moment, this has left me
A middle-age of sorrow, when the man,
All loved and honoured, loathed himself in pain,
And healing others, might not heal the wound
Hid deep within his breast. Surely, my children,
You will not spurn me when you read, nor curse me
Whatever comes to light? I gave you love—
A father's love—and now I leave to you
All my skill earned—lands, houses, riches ; all
That makes life smooth.

But I am not your father.

Your father lies slain in your mother's grave ;
She in the dark vault here. I conjure you,
Bury her with her husband. I rejoice
You are not children now, but man and woman,
Grown sadly wise and tolerant of ill,
Knowing this tangled world and all its sin.

So may you pardon unintended wrong,
Since God who knows all, pardons, as I hope,
And he, and she. I pray you let her lie
Beside her love ; and me, too, of your pity,
Not with them. vet not far !

AT THE EISTEDDFOD—CONTRASTS.

THE calm sea ripples, soothed to rest,
Then wakes to thunder 'neath the wind,
As sudden from the imperious West
The storm-fiend rushes, unconfined.

But all around the verdurous lands
Stretch fair beneath ancestral trees ;
Flower-lit, the grey old mansion stands,
A home of long, untrammelled ease.

Then the scene shifts as with a word,
And lo ! the immense acclaiming throng-
A myriad peasant faces stirred
By skilful rhyme and soaring song.

Two opposite poles of Britain's life,
Bring them together, Fate ! and fire,
The sudden flash, the stress, the strife,
Which can a nation's soul inspire.

MARATHON.

THIS is the very place,
The hills, the plain, the sea,
Calm nature changeth not
Whate'er may be.

Here, here the Eastern wave,
Myriads of warlike men,
Surged vainly on the shore,
Then sank again.

Two thousand years and more
Have vanished since the day
When that barbarian host
Faded away.

Worse tyrannies have come,
Flood after bitter flood ;
Long time the loathly Turk
Bathed Greece in blood.

But of that old fierce fight
Clear memories linger yet ;
Dark histories roll between,
Yet none forget.

To-day as twilight falls
Upon the darkling plain,
The ghosts of the great Past
Contend again.

Still on that haunted marsh
The affrighted peasant hears
Barbaric shouts arise,
Shields clash with spears.

Groans, cries of mortal strife,
And trampling chivalry,
Where the lone hills survey
The sailless sea.

TO BEATRICE.

JUNE, 1890.

THRICE blessed among women was thy lot
Whose mien, whose face, whose eye, whose soul's pure
 fire,
Our firstborn Christian singer could inspire
Through his dark widowed days, when thou wert
 not ;
Who 'mid the piteous sights and sounds of Hell
Wert a clear Star, guiding to Paradise, '
Till last, awaking to thy gracious eyes,
After his weary wanderings, all was well !
Oh spiritual stainless Love and pure
Who taught'st that yearning soul and voice to soar
Beyond dread heights unscaled as yet by song !
Here the slow ages labour, halt with wrong.
For thee, for him, is joy for evermore,
Blessing and blest, while God and Right endure.

FOR A CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

YE to whom wealth lends wings
To bear you from clime to clime,
To treasures of beautiful things—
Palaces, minsters sublime,
Snow mountain and pine-circled lake,
And the purple of Summer seas—
Think, think of poor children, and take
Compassion on these.

For in stifling courts they are pent
Thro' the fugitive freshness of June ;
Not for them are her roses sent,
Nor her nightingales' passionate tune,

Nor the keen scent of newly mown hay,
Nor the flowing tide's blossom of yeast ;
Let these poor rhymes secure them at least
One ineffable day.

FOR A SCHOOL REGISTER.

DEAR school, grey church, which dim years since I knew,
The swift-paced years that hurry youth' to age,
Fond memory turns with grateful eye to you,
And welcomes gladly this recording page.

For tho', indeed, the vanished days show brief
Since I too, was a boy, ah me ! how strong
The fence, how deep the gulf, which Time the thief
Broadens in hope to still the voice of song.

And they, my eager comrades, where are they ?
Low lies how many a sunny boyish head,
Some in hot youth, and some grown sad and grey,
With hopes burnt out and aspirations dead !

And some beneath the tropic East sleep sound,
Some the Deep hides, and some the pathless West ;
Mid lonely wolds, or loud street's surging round
Some toil with failing powers that long for rest.

And some have risen and gained the crown of life,
And some, their equals, missed the meed they sought ;
On most there looms to-day an end of strife,
For most the play is played, the fight is fought.

But changeless still the minster towers, and still
Grey walls re-echo, as the careless race
Of young lives, hurrying onward, comes to fill
The ancient courts with Youth's pathetic grace.

Long may they come, for though relentless Fate
Aim her keen shafts sometimes, and sometimes send
Misfortune, still our Sherborne shall be great,
And he is wisest who awaits the end.

Long may she live to keep old memories green !

And still, while England stands unshattered, last !

And may this page which tells what she has been,

Link a bright Future with a cherished Past.

FOR A MEMORIAL Lych-GATE.

Who come to kneel within yon reverend shrine,
Think, passing through this votive entrance gate,
Of vanished Sabbaths, when your dead sires sate
Drinking clear echoes of the Voice Divine
From one who came, its messenger, to spend
His days among his flock, who loved the Right,
Yet feared not Truth, but lived in God's own sight,
His children's idol, and his people's friend.

HOMER, BLIND.

THIS is the tale wise Aristoteles,
Master of knowledge wider than his time,
Fired by some rare poetic fervour, told :

The young Homeros meditating much
The tale of Troy divine, o'er all the shores
Of Troas wandered, if perchance his eyes
Might take some vivid memory of the Past
To fire his song. Long on the desert plain
He fed his solitary muse with thoughts
Of that great pageant—Hector, and his sire
Priamos ; Agamemnon with his hosts ;
The fair false Helen, and her perjured Lord

And all the varied fortunes of the fight,
Till tower and temple sank in blood and fire.
And last, beside the narrow waters came
Of Hellespont, and there, one dreaming day,
Knelt where within a time-worn tomb were laid,
White ashes hid within an urn of gold,
Achilles and Patroklos side by side.

Then gradually to his musing eye
The Past gave up its secret, and he saw
All things as they had been. The brazen prows
Leapt o'er the waves. Again a fresh breeze woke
The blue Ægean, and the oarsmen, bent
Upon their well-ranged benches, sheared again
The crisp white surges of the purple sea ;
The bustle of the landing ; the long line
Of white tents ranged beneath the untaken walls ;
The dull delays ; the virgin sacrificed

In vain ; the weary winters and the tale
Of daily war and death. But most his mind
Turned to the young Achilles, the best bloom
Of chivalry of old, his mystic birth,
His goddess-mother, his heroic youth,
His perfect manhood, and his early doom
Before the unconquered town, till last his soul
Grew fired, and he possessed.

Then, as he gazed
With a fixed gaze upon the tomb, behold
There rose a gleaming phantom in a mist
Of silvery light—silvery his panoply,
His greaves, his crested helmet and his spear,
And silvery as a statue, the strong limbs,
The fair proud face, the god-like symmetry
Of a young hero, like a blazing star
Burned with white fire, and straight the gazer knew

The presence of Achilles. As he looked,
Brighter and keener still the vision grew,
As when the Goddess with a bath of fire
Purged out the mortal alloy from her child
In Phthia long ago. And then no more
He gazed, but, with the exceeding splendour blind,
No longer saw the aspect of the sun,
Nor earth, nor any more the purple sea,
Nor Dawn, nor Eve, but one Heroic Day
Lighted his inner vision till he died,
And left the Ages brighter for his loss.

WOMAN'S WORK.

To Woman the Creator's hand has given
To soothe the poor limbs racked with misery,
And with a blessed ministry of Heaven
Bid life's renascent force again to be.
Who but has known a pitying Presence stand
Unwearying by his childhood's restless bed
And with soft voice assuage, and tender hand,
The fevered pulses and the aching head.
For her the endless mystery of pain,
War, pestilence, the long wards choked with woe,
The miseries which ruder souls appal
Sound on her ear, a clear, high trumpet-call
Of duty, and her soul prepares to go
Unfearing forth. Let her not go in vain !

Let her not go in vain ! For the great Art
Of Healing is not brief, but hard and long :
And whoso in Her lore would fain grow strong
Must woo her with the mind as with the heart.
No less of pitying tenderness has she,
The woman armed with Learning's triple shield
Who fronts the powers of Pain and Misery,
And of her lofty courage scorns to yield,
Full armed with knowledge yet a woman still,
A woman in' quick thought and pitying eye,
A woman with soft hand and accents mild,
To soothe the pains of age, the suffering child,
Filled with a deep, unfailing sympathy .
For the poor thralls of Fate's mysterious will.

Raise we a Hospice, therefore, which shall give
Woman to woman's need. Not the rude force
Of man is all, nor thews and sinews coarse,
But those fine spiritual blooms which live

Within the woman. Nor the body alone,
But the soul, too, she heals. Go forth, brave band,
Among the squalid dens, where women groan,
Slaves through their lives, and bid them understand
And rise up free ; and on the heathen shore
Of the old East, where now your sisters pine
Pent in the dull Zenana's living tomb,
Pierce with clear rays the sullen age-long gloom
And raise them body and soul, till more and more
Shines forth some effluence of the light Divine.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

DEAR Friend and honoured Master, art thou dead?
And shall I see no more thy reverend face,
Recall our older England's manlier grace?
Nor any more admire that noble head,
That brow as high as Shakespeare's, that grave eye,
Now soft with mirth, now fired with fantasy?
Nor hear again thy rugged, kindly speech
Illume the sunless deeps of thought, and teach
The Right thou lov'dst? nor breathe the eager air
Of thy lone eyrie with thee? nor behold
Thy bent, cloaked figure, dark against the gold
And purple of thy dear, secluded hill,

Pace with uncertain footsteps day by day
The much-loved round ? nor in the failing light
Upon thy smooth lawns watch the summer night
Steal o'er the ghostly plains ? nor mark the strain
Of thy blithe thrushes with thee ? nor again
The enamoured, lonely nightingale complain ?

Thy years were come to harvest—home-spent years
Of reverence from without, of love within.
A perfect life, health, riches, honours, fame—
All these were thine, no prize was left to win ;
Scant sorrow, save that fine despondency
Which fans the smouldering genius into flame .
Only two brief experiences of tears—
The dear friend lost in youth, the son in age,
Bracing thy soul to bear whate'er should be.
Such lives Fate grants not often, nor for long,
And rarest to the suffering ranks of song.

Why should we mourn, save for our private pain
And friendship which shall never come again?
Our race can never lose thee, whose fair page,
Rich with the harvest of a soul inspired,
So many a weakling life and heart has fired.
Thou art not wholly gone, but livest yet
Till thy great England's sons their tongue forget!

Thy place is with the Immortals. Who shall gauge
Thy rank among thy peers of world-wide song?
Others, it may be, touched a note more strong,
Scaled loftier heights, or glowed with fiercer rage;
But who like thee could slay our modern Doubt?
Or soothe the sufferers with a tenderer heart?
Or deck gray legends with such knightly grace?
Or nerve Life's world-worn pilgrims for their part?
Who, since our English tongue first grew, has stirred
More souls to noble effort by his word?

More reverent who of Man, of God, of Truth ?
More piteous of the sore-tried strength of Youth ?
Others of grosser clay might stoop to fire
Ignoble lusts with prostituted lyre.
Thy chaste, white Muse, loathing the Pagan rout,
Would drive with stripes the goatish Satyr out.
Thy love of Righteousness preserved thee pure ;
Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure,
And all thy jewelled Art and native Grace
Were consecrate to God and to the Race.

This day extinguishes a Star as bright
As shone upon our dying Century.
Here, as in that great England over sea,
“ Light after light goes out,” yet 'tis not night.
The peaceful moonbeams kissed him as he lay
At midnight, dying in the arms of Love.—
Thou couldst not wait the dawn of earthly Day.—

Farewell, blest soul, farewell ! And if, indeed,
Some care for things of earth may mount above,
As is our hope, enfranchised Spirit, plead
For this our England, which thou lov'dst so long,
And crownedst with thy diadem of Song !

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

OCTOBER 16, 1893.

A HUNDRED years ago to-day

The treacherous city of the Seine
Sent forth her heartless myriads gay
To mock a friendless woman's pain.

Light mirth and laughter everywhere,
As though some nuptial pageant came,
Awake the brisk autumnal air,
No touch of ruth, no thought of shame.

Roofs, casements, flag-draped balconies,
A-fire with cruel, gloating eyes ;
Festering below with curses loud,
Fenced back by steel, the tigerish crowd ;

Till the slow tumbril rolls in sight,
Fronting the gathering roar, the howl,
The jests obscene, the insults foul,
And a fair mother, robed in white,

Sits bowed with bleaching hair—a Queen
For all the sufferings that have been,—
Who casts no glance on either side,
Untouched by shame, or fear, or pride.

Calm eyes, from which no word may come ;
Though the priest pray, serenely dumb.
Surely death's bitterness is past,
And 'tis deliverance comes at last.

Till as she nears the palace home,
Void of the treasures of her love,
Some poignant memory seems to come,
Some pang that widowed heart to move.

And then the end ! Sad, murdered Queen
 Poor mother, slain for other's wrong !
Guiltless, thou barest what had been
 The sum of dark oppressions long.

Still, down a century of years
 To death thou passest, white-robed, fair—
The calm eyes that had shed their tears,
 The silent lips, the faded hair.

ANARCHY.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 5, 1894.

THE night is blinded with rain,
No light in the casements is seen ;
Thro' the blank streets, long before dawn,
Rolls the van with the guillotine.

Save the quick stroke of hammers alone,
With their petulant hurry of sound,
There is scarcely a murmur that comes
From the sullen groups lingering round ;

For the sombre toilers who go
To their task, ere the day has risen,
Tarry silently on their way
Before the grim walls of the prison.

Till at last all is ready, and see !

The black scaffold frowning on high,
Where before the sun rises to-day
On the fair town, a felon shall die.

All is silent, till sudden there bursts
On the stillness a roystering crowd,
Reeling forth from their dens of the night,
With coarse jests and with blasphemies loud.

Gay masquers of Carnival time,
Ghastly checked, crimson-lipped, hollow-eyed,
Rouged harlots, mock-Churchmen, a swarm
Of the reckless on every side.

But as to the scaffold they press,
Something strikes that lewd populace dumb,
As swift from the gates of the gaol
They behold the fierce criminal come.

Very pale and erect, unafraid,
With firm paces and regular breath,
This priest of a murderous creed
Goes firm as a martyr to death.

“Long live Anarchy ! Death to the State !
And you bourgeois !” No penitent word.
But a deep silence broods o’er the crowd ;
Not a cry, scarce a murmur is heard.

Then the masquers go wearily home,
And the corpse to the surgeons. And yet
The thought comes, ’Twas a century since
That they killed Marie Antoinette.

THE HYMN OF KLEANTHES.*

LORD of the deathless Gods, howsoever men name
Thee, Almighty

God, prime Ruler of Nature, through high law govern-
ing all things,

Hail ! since Thy will permits that thy mortal creature
address Thee,

For from Thee our Race is sprung, and is fashioned after
Thy image,

Alone of all mortal things that live and move under
heaven.

Thee therefore alone will I hymn, Thy might will I
celebrate always !

* The famous Greek hymn quoted by S. Paul at Athens.

Thee the Cosmical Order which whirls around earth in
its orbit

Obeys wheresoever Thou leadest, and willingly follows
Thy guidance !

For in Thy resistless hands so strong a weapon Thou
wieldest,

At whose dread stroke all things in Nature tremble with
terror—

A two-edged fiery brand, the living bolt, of 'Thy lightning !
With might Thou directest aright Thy pervading Word,
which thro' all things

Pulses, commingling alike with the greater lights and
the lesser.

Spirit ! There is no deed that is done on earth's circuit
without Thee,

Nor in Thy wondrous ethereal sphere, nor on Thy wide
ocean,

Save only the wrongs which the wicked commit of their
own un wisdom.

Wise art Thou too to redress the uneven lot by the
even,

Bringest to order, disorder, and givest Thy love to the
loveless ;

For thus Thou hast fitted together all things, the good
with the evil,

So that there is over all, one Word and Reason Eternal,
Which the wicked flee, or seeing avoid, unhappy ! ill-
fated !

Ay, and those too whose desire is for good, and yearn
to possess it,

Either discern not Thy law universal, or, knowing it,
heed not,

While if they had but obeyed, heart and mind, their lives
had grown noble.

Surely all men set forth without guidance on varying
courses !

Some with precipitate haste on the difficult struggle for
glory ;

Some without shame, with their faces steadfastly turned
towards riches,

Some to enjoyment alone, and the pleasant works of the
body ;

Hurrying on, every one, on the opposite way to their
wishes !

But, oh Lord ! Giver of all ! cloud-enshrouded ! Ruler
of lightning,

Ward off from men, of Thy mercy, the bitter curse of
unwisdom !

Father, disperse from the soul that thick darkness, and
give them to compass

Wisdom, by whose strong aid Thou with righteousness
governest all things,

So that we, honoured of Thee, may in turn requite Thee
with honour,
Praising Thy wonderful works evermore as is fitting for
mortals,
Seeing that no higher reward comes to any on earth or
in heaven
Than to hymn Thy cosmical Law, which ruleth with
Justice for ever.

THE HYMN OF HILDEBERT.

ELEVENTH CENTURY, A.D.

NOTHING to please Thee, do I bring
Save Faith, my only offering.
My faith Thou knowest, Lord ; I pray
Take Thou my heavy load away,
And by Thy medicine divine
Revive this ailing frame of mine.

For were I laid within the tomb,
Corrupt already, wrapt in gloom,
Swathed in my shroud, sealed fast with stone,-
Speak Thou the word, and Death is done ;
Speak, and the grave-clothes bind no more,
The stone rolls backward from the door ;

Call with Thy voice, "Come forth!" and lo,
Straightway my dead limbs rise to go.

Alas! upon life's troublous sea
What pirate powers encompass me!
Here rude assaults, fierce surges there,
And death and wailing everywhere.
Come, oh, great Holmsman! guide Thou me,
Assuage the tempest, smooth the sea;
Drive far away the spoilers, come,
And bring me back in safety home.

Only a barren fig tree I,
Whose every branch is dead and dry;
If Thou wilt judge me in Thine ire,
Hew me down, burn me with Thy fire.—
Nay, rather spare me for a space,
Nourish me, trench me of Thy grace;

And if I then make no return,
Weeping, I say it, let me burn !

'Tis my old enemy, whose spite
Now drowns, now burns me, day and night ;
Wherefore, oppressed and languishing,
My feeble life to Thee I bring.
Strengthen my weakness, Lord, I pray,
Chase Thou my cruel foes away.
Give Thou my fainting soul to bear
The grace of fasting and of prayer,
That through the twain, Thou helping me,
I from this noisome pest go free.
Free Thou from evil my intent,
Make me devoted, penitent ;
Give me Thy fear, without which I,
With hope of heaven, dare not die ;
Give Thou me Faith, Hope, Charity,
And a discerning piety ;

Add Thou contempt for earthly things,
And to my heavenward yearnings, wings.
To Thee, O Lord, my soul doth call ;
In Thee, O Lord, I trust for all.
Thou art my only Good, my Praise,
And Thou the Giver of my days ;
Thou art my comfort in distress,
And Thou my cure in heaviness ;
Thy music doth my grief control,
And calm the tumults of the soul.
Thou from prison settest free,
Thou from stumbling raisest me ;
Giv'st in good fortune prudent fear,
In failure keep'st Hope to cheer.
Do men menace ? Thou defendest.
Would they wound me ? Aid Thou sendest.
Doubtful things Thou makest sure,
And those which should lie hid, obscure.

Suffer not Thou my soul to go
To the infernal jails of woe ;
There is mourning, there are fears,
Stifling fumes, and bitter tears ;
There ill deeds are brought to light,
And the accurst confounded quite.
There the tormenter scourgeth yet,
Still, the undying worm doth fret ;
And all these endure for ever,
Since' from that death comes waking never.

But to Sion of Thy pity
Lead me, David's peaceful city,
Reared by Light and Power Immortal,
With the cross her only portal,
Opening to the Fisher's Voice ;
To her, whose citizens rejoice,
Walled with living stones of splendour,
With her King for her defender.

In her streets are light supernal,
Constant spring, and peace eternal,
Perfumed airs which fill the skies,
Sweet unfailing melodies.

There corruption comes nor pain,
None are worsted, none complain,
None are maimed, deformed, or lame ;
All with Him are made the same.

Oh, celestial city blest,
High on thy Rock thou glitterest ;
Far from thee a storm-beat sail,
I thy sheltered harbour hail.

Thee I greet, for Thee I yearn,
For thee I long, to thee I turn.
What high joys thy children prove,
What constraining might of love,
What high holy festivals,
What bright gems enrich thy walls—

Jacinth and chalcedony—

They know well who dwell in thee.

Oh, within thy streets may I

Live with saints and seers of yore,

And with that blest company,

Sing Alleluias evermore !

Amen.

THREE LAY HYMNS.

I.

COME Thou again. The world grows cold,
And Faith's fire wanes and hearts grow cold ;
The years defraud Thee of Thy due ;
Come Thou, and, coming, make things new.

But shouldst Thou come again indeed
With a new Name, and modern creed,
Hearts which are loyal to Thee still
Might doubt Thy new-revealed will.

And Thou, with Thy enfranchised Word,
Not peace wouldst bring us, but a sword ;
And all Thy former gracious Past
Might rise to hinder Thee at last.

Yet come. The mystic beat of Time,
The dead years' measured march sublime,
The very truths Thy voice first taught,
Grown sovereign, bring Thy power to naught.

Each weary age deceasing brings
Dust of dead creeds and soulless things,
So that no more our souls discern
Through their thick haze Thy precepts burn.

Dead thoughts which ere Thy earthly years
Had marred the Race with lust and tears,
Arraign Thy Word, Thy Life, Thy Love,
Thy Cross on earth, Thy Throne above.

And some, with wandering fires grown blind
No more the face of Godhead find,
And are content, rejecting Thee,
Aimless and rudderless to be ;

And some have sought in hopeless pain
The styes of Pagan sense again,
And in Thy place would fain install
False gods with foulness for their all.

And since so weak indeed we are,
With Death so near and Heaven so far,
With creeping mists of sin and sense
Quench the white fire of innocence.

Come Thou. Tho' brief to Thee appears
The sum of nigh two thousand years,
To lives like ours, which fleet so fast,
They stretch a long abysmal Past.

Come, if Thou wilt, with wider creed.
To meet and satisfy our need ;
Or, if Thou wilt, come now as then,
And fill the hungry hearts of men,

Nor once, but often, come and fire
Cold hearts, and doubting minds inspire ;
And from its depths of misery
Lift a despairing world to Thee.

II.

AMID the blithe, resurgent spring,
The buds that burst, the birds that sing,
The first flowers on the tufted lea,
A sad voice whispers constantly,
“Wherefore hast Thou forsaken me?”

Thus spake to-day the sacred word,
By souls desponding clearly heard,
As of old time on Calvary,
Not yet its power has ceased to be—
“Wherefore hast Thou forsaken me?”

How many a martyr since, in pain,
Has scanned the blinded heavens in vain
For some consoling vision fair,
Despised, rejected, in despair,
And found no answering Presence there ;

Nor solace for his failing breath,
But insults only, stripes and death ;
And yet, though the weak flesh might shrink,
The soul, in hopeless suffering sink,
Has drunk the cup 'twas His to drink.

How many a pioneer of thought
Sure, yet of all men set at nought,
Has pined 'neath Love's averted eyes,
Mourned peace, exchanged for tears and sighs,
And seeming futile sacrifice :

Yet borne, unholpen, to the end,
Whatever fortune Truth might send,
Content with life to free the slave,
Tho' Doubt should sneer, and Force should rave,
Who others, not himself, might save.

Truth's precious martyrs these, and He
Greatest since Time began to be,
Adorable despondence, fine,
Which links the human and divine,
And yet the strength of strength was Thine !

III.

WHERE wouldst Thou I should go? The way
Is dark, nor yet ascends the day;
Confused, the mazy paths combine—
I cannot yet distinguish mine.

Wouldst Thou that up the soaring hill
Breathless I climb and labour still?
Or on the dull uncomely plain
Shall sow and reap and sow again?

Shall I, amid the dust and strife
Of the thronged town, expend my life?
Or watch the sunlit summers come,
Gilding the skies and fields of home?

Or best devote my nascent years
To stay the flow of human tears?
Or, cloistered in some tranquil cell,
Shall I, in praising Thee, do well?

Or shall my studious footsteps stray
Down Learning's still, untroubled way,
And, led by princely souls of yore,
Advance Thought's realm a footpace more?

Or in the wrangling Senate take
No care for aught, but for Thy sake,
Content to raise the multitude
To some faint glimpse of Thee and Good?

Or, better, in the busy mart
Remind the worldling that Thou art
Working Thy humbler work, which lies
Not less on earth than in the skies?

Or strive to fix with half-amaze
The Beauty of my inward gaze?
Or with lips fired by yearnings strong
Clothe Thy ineffable word with song?

Guide with Thy light my faltering feet
Where Life's perplexing pathways meet;
Call Thou me with Thy silent voice,
And I will follow and rejoice!

THE STRONG MAN.

Tho' Disappointment dog his feet,
And currish Malice wound his heel ;
Tho' none his rare successes greet
Nor for his frequent failures feel ;

Tho' the jade Fortune vex him still
With one unchanging frown of spite ;
She shall not bend his steadfast will,
Nor turn his footsteps from the Right.

What are to him her crooked ways,
The worthless gifts her hands withhold ?
The dross which dullards take for gold,
The insult of unworthy praise ?

Alone, serene, secure, he is

A rock 'mid troubled deeps, a tree

Rooted in hidden sanctities,

And, keeping those, content to be.

Despite the shrill, abusive throng,

The selfish silence of the great,

Who dares to suffer and be strong

Is master of himself and Fate.

JANUARY 14, 1892.

THERE rang a cheerful note

Of preparation through the approving land ;
The Royal guests were bidden from lands remote,
Waiting the people stood a loyal band.

Almost one heard the mad chimes to the skies
Flinging their joyous music. Now one bell
Alone the wintry silence breaks and dics,
Solemn and slow ; and hark—it is a knell !

My voice was fain to sing

Of innocent nuptials and requited love,
When, at the swift approach of coming spring,
The few brief lagging weeks should lightlier move ;

January 14, 1892.

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No graver theme might come

Than these to occupy my dreaming thought ;

But a black, sudden darkness rose unsought
Across the sun, and struck the singer dumb.

Our England stands to-day

As Rome stood once, the Empire of the Race,
And this young life should sway

More than a Cæsar's realm, with kinglier grace,
With youth's long hopes elate,

And blameless recompense of faithful love.
Could no Power stay the dread decree of Fate,
Nor all a Nation's prayers and pity move ?

Stretched on his lonely bed,

Within his boyhood's dear familiar home,
The Heir of England lieth cold and dead ;
After brief days of pain the end has come.

His mother and his love

Watched through the fevered nights, and then he went !

Hast thou no pity for the innocent,

Dread Power, whom neither prayers nor tears can move?

The wintry landscape round

Lies in its shroud of snow. No breath of spring

Nor song of bird is there, nor joyous sound.

Soon, soon the mating birds shall wake and sing,

But he no more shall hear

The jubilant concert nor the fruitful strife.

Gone where no earthly hope shall come, nor fear ;

Dead at the opening door of Love and Life.

Dead, but beyond the tomb

Which takes us, Love's white flower renewed again,

Leaving our earthly winter's loss and pain.

In its Lord's garden-ground shall spring and bloom ;

There wedded souls shall be

In union, when the harsh dividing years
Are swept into the Past, and leave us free,
And parting is no more, nor grief, nor tears.

Ay, but not less the blow

Falls crushing, nor less dread the Power we fight,
Whose way-worn hearts Life's countless sorrows know,
Who walk by faith alone, and not by sight.

Youth, innocence, happiness

Fall thus untimely ; shadows we indeed,
And shadows we pursue, yet not the less
Our souls triumphant hold a heavenlier creed.

Lay him among the dust

Of world-worn kings within the Royal tomb.
None came there, none, more blameless or more just.
Let this white Presence light their age-long gloom ;

And let one singer tell,
Touched to the heart, how in his youthful prime,
The Heir of England comes released from Time,
And pray God keep him, and a last Farewell !

ODE ON THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL
INSTITUTE, MAY 10, 1893.

Six years have fled since rose amid the flowers
The vast pavilion with its courtly throng,
And with the trumpets' blare, to prayer and song,
Where soars to-day a coronal of towers,
The Empire swept along.

Long years ! To-day the same Imperial hand
Which laid the granite holds a golden key,
Fair token of the visible unity
Which binds together, while these proud walls stand,
Our Britain, land and sea.

To-day our dream, embodied, greets our eyes,
A thousand toiling brains and hands have wrought,
The worker's willing strength, the provident thought,
And lo! the æry domes and towers arise
Clear on the vernal skies.

Not of our colder Northern Art sedate,
But lighter, blending East and West in one,
A flower of Fancy, quickened by the sun,
Yet keeping still, to guard our Regal state,
The Lions at the gate.

And thro' the stately chambers everywhere,
And corridors, with veined marbles, fine,
The treasures of the wood, the sea, the mine.
All kindly fruits, our wide dominions bear,
And corn, and oil, and wine,

With all the gains enfranchised Labour brings
Are ranged to-day to deck these ordered halls,
Whereon no shadow of the sheathed sword falls,
But Peace, an angel, folds her golden wings,
And Commerce smiling calls.

Dream, Prince, the dream which drew thy Sire and thee :
The Imperial dream ! Here let the toiler come
And find sure guidance to his waiting home
And honest work, and rear in days to be
New Britains over sea.

Here let the Daughter-Nations, East and West,
And North and South, take counsel and discern
How fair the Mighty Mother is, and yearn
With love renewed, content awhile to rest
Safe on her loving breast ;

Till, drawn together nearer, they shall bind
Close bonds of love for all of British blood !
Then, all our subject-realms in brotherhood !
Then, our great alien kinsmen, heart and mind !
Then, if God will, Mankind !

Peal, joy-bells, unawakened yet, nor cease !
Peal till our isles and continents rejoice !
Fling, far and wide, a new harmonious voice,
While thro' long ages yet our realms increase !
In Unity and Peace !

TWO IMPRESSIONS.

I.

AT THE LAW COURTS.

OCTOBER 13, 1893.

With awe-struck gaze,

A little throng

In dumb amaze.

They point to where

A broken rope

Swings high in air.

Down, down, through space

The poor lad fell

There, in that place.

Stirred once, one groan
Groaned as he lay
Still on the stone ;

Then no more pain.
See ! now they cleanse
The crimson stain.

Careless, hard by
Poor vagrants drowse.
We can but die !

II.

IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCHYARD.

FEBRUARY 5, 1894.

THE volleying schoolboys play,
The mellow church-bells call ;
Muffled on this still bay
Life's loud tides fall.

Here would the blind man sit
Through sunshine and through rain,
With fingers that shall knit
Never again.

And by her master set
His loyal, faithful guard—
A rough-haired, keen-eyed pet—
Kept watch and ward.

Hung round her shaggy throat,
A little pannikin
Clinked as the passers-by
Threw pennies in.

She never strayed, but sate
Patient through all the noise,
Fronting, unmoved, sedate,
The larcenous boys.

Fulfilled with honest pride,
If, when the hour was come,
She of her skill might guide
Her master home.

The blind is blind no more.
'Tis two long months since he,
Safe on life's further shore,
Began to see.

But passing where to-day
At the familiar spot
Through long past years, the pair
Were, but are not,

I marked with wondering eye
And some unwonted thrill,
The faithful guardian lie,
Observant still.

Upon her shaggy feet
She stretched her watchful head,
With wistful gaze and sweet
Waiting the dead.

His empty seat was there,
Vacant, but tended yet,
The carpet's scanty square,
The half-made net.

Her useless pannikin
 Echoed no joyous clink ;
'Twas filled with water now
 For her to drink.

Marking those patient eyes,
 Unchanging, faithful, dumb,
Whereon no doubt might rise,
 Nor shadow come,

I thought if this brute love
 Thus shares our human grief,
Dumb Trust which looks above
 And courts Belief,

Would that some mystic voice
 Might reach that watching ear,
"Take comfort, nay, rejoice !
 He is not here."

TO A SCHOOLGIRL.

My schoolgirl scans with joy,
Her fair head bending low,
The god-like Tale of Troy,
Bright eyes and cheeks aglow.
Dear heart and innocent soul,
Thee may the fleeting years,
As the swift springtides roll,
Bring joy, not tears.

For thee may knowledge spread
Her fair and ample page,
Deep thoughts of sages dead,
The poet's noble rage.

The gains which science gives,
The statesman's royal lore,
The master-thought which lives
For evermore.

For thee let music wake
Her deep mysterious chords,
Which the rapt soul can take
Higher than any words ;
Art's precious garden smile
Through gates enwreathed with flowers,
And fairy dreams beguile
Thy simple hours.

But let no learning dim
Those frank and innocent eyes ;
Still let the morning hymn
And daily suffrage rise.

Leave knowledge, which the mind
And not the heart can move
Still, girl ; thy treasure find
In Faith and Love.

LOVE AND AWE.

SHALL Love decease
And die and leave no trace,
Nor on Life's placid face
A shadow fall and mar its peace ?
Some ghost of things, known, seen, or heard
For ever haunts us, though without a word.

Shall awe lie dead,
And reverence, once felt ?
Where'er the soul has knelt
It kneeleth, though its God be fled,
And still within the empty shrine
Seeketh some Phantasm, august, Divine.

Nor love, nor awe
Can die, nor live, alas !
They are awhile, then pass,
Obedient to the unbending Law
They wax, they wane, yet changeless are,
Even as the occultation of a star.

ON AN EMPTY CAGE.

THE lilacs in the court were sweet,
The high sun climbed to golden noon,
And blithely down the tree-fringed street
The sparrows chirped a merry tune.

Whom thou, a golden darling dear,
Didst greet with long roulades and trills,
Like those that charm the list'ning ear
Which some high-pitched soprano thrills.

Mean folk indeed of husky throat
And humble garb ; not theirs as thine
The graceful form, the amber coat,
The sweet spontaneous fancies fine.

But thou wert prisoned, they were free.

Though thine the never-failing seed,
The tepid bath, the fresh-plucked weed,
'Twas, oh ! with those gay bards to be.

Ay ! tho' black monsters fiery-eyed

Amid the thick-leaved shades might hide,
And, noiseless, pounce and snatch away
To instant death the helpless prey.

'Twas freedom that thou wouldst, not life,
When boldly through the open door
Thy weak wings fluttered to the strife,
And weal and ease were thine no more.

Thy girlish mistress stood in tears,
And all the summer evening long
Strained weary eyes and watching ears
To see thy plume and catch thy song.

„In vain upon the balcony

Thy old home welcomed, opened wide ;

Our grief, our calls thou didst deride ;

Thou wouldst not heed, thou wouldst be free.

Nay, once thou didst flash by again,

While after thee that lawless crowd

With vulgar chirpings coarsely loud

Mocked thy fine operatic strain.

Then fell the night, and all was still,

And, when the morning dawned, no more

Thy waking note our ears might fill,

Tho' still we kept the open door.

And thou, where art thou ? Did swift fate

Snatch thee ? A fruitful allegory,

Thy song, thy flight, thy open gate.

Say, was it better to be free ?

PROCEMIA.

I.*

ONCE for the myriad sounds which are,
Mixed accents of the lettered throng,
A few clear voices, deep and strong,
Were borne afar.

To-day through broken channels wide
The broader stream of knowledge flows ;
Each year that passes, louder grows
The clamorous tide.

A thousand cares and hopes and fears
Our fathers knew not, touch our souls ;
Thought's turbid current seaward rolls
Its stream of tears.

* For the *Universal Review*.

Not as of old time, faring free
In joyous robes, is Knowledge drest,
But, by its own great load opprest,
Plods heavily.

So grave we grow, we lose in part
The lightsome words and thoughts of old ;
Delving too deep for hidden gold,
We starve the heart.

Yet is Spring round us everywhere,
Young lives expand, young thoughts are born ;
From ruins of dead days outworn,
The world grows fair.

Do we then raise a needless voice,
If, mingling graver things with gay,
We come to bid our troublous day
Almost rejoice ?

If to our modern England stern,
 Depressed by clouds of care and doubt,
 Faint faiths which glimmer and go out,
Fierce hates which burn,

We bring some charm of Art, to light
 Life's gloomy road, some kindly gleam
 To cheer the Thinker's sombre dream,
Some influence bright,—

Art, not the handmaid of the Pen,
 But of her own strength, strong, complete,
 A star to guide the weary feet
Of thought-worn men ?

Or if we strive to bind in one,
 By mutual knowledge closer drawn,
 Our chain of Empires spread from dawn
To set of sun ?

Or if with open page we seek
 To hold a hand of welcome forth
 To the keen South, the sober North,
For all to speak,

Telling how Thought and Fancy grow
 Beyond our wild, dividing sea,
 Till from that peaceful comity
New friendships glow ?

Or if, since Woman too has come
 To climb the loftier steeps of mind,
 New listeners we aspire to find
By hearth and home ;

Nor listeners only, but combine
 With man's grave tone her soaring strain ;
 With man's slow wit, her agile brain
And fancies fine ?

If thus we speak, if Light and Art
And Learning lend their banded aid,
We will not pause nor be afraid—
We have our Part !

II.*

THOSE for whose lives the fleeting years
Have bridged the gulf 'twixt youth and age
Regard with hope that warms and cheers,
This youthful and unwritten page.

For think how brief a space has gone
Since Wales, our mother slumbering deep
Our Wales who now goes marching on,
Lay torpid, in a secular sleep,

Devoid of life, unless indeed
The fervent peasant-preacher stirred,
By yearnings wider than his creed,
Broke silence with the Eternal Word.

* For the *North Wales College Magazine*.

Or when, amid the listening throng,
The peasant-poet won the bays,
And deftly clothed his artless lays
In subtly-woven robes of song.

Or when the aspiring Cymric voice
Thrilled the assembled thousands round,
And now would sorrow, now rejoice
With soaring note or thunderous sound—

Great powers in truth for Good and Light,
Yet lacking somewhat for our need !
Who lifts a nation to its height
Must live laborious years indeed !

And ordered Knowledge deep, and wide,
And long Endeavour must replace
Ere our dear land be glorified,
That fiery zeal, that careless grace.

And these are ours. For where before,
Some little sum of days gone by,
Weak Learning seemed to droop and die,
Rich harvests ripen more and more.

Three sacred fanes our country's care
Has reared to Knowledge. Every one
Brings its own tale of honours fair—
Souls fired, thoughts widened, labours done,

By youth and maiden whom the love
Of learning and the emulous chase
Of ever-flying Knowledge move
More than the native fire or grace.

Three centres of new eager life
Which shall illumine and bless our land,
Three beacons which amid the strife
And storm and stress unfailing stand.

And this the youngest. To the sum
Of Cymric thought, this offering,
Small, yet with hopeful hearts, we bring;
Modest yet unafraid we come.

III.*

ANOTHER venture on Thought's trackless sea,
Another bark launched from our Cambrian shore,
And once again the summons comes to me
For word of welcome, oft-times said before.

For now our country, which so long was dumb,
Speaks clear and loud with no uncertain sound ;
Done are her silent years, her voice is found,
And, Babel-like, the eager accents come.

Long since, indeed, the unforgotten tongue,
The old fair treasure of our native speech,
Sweet as the songs by Cymric voices sung,
Was eloquent to move, and strong to teach.

* For the *Welsh Review*.

Long since, our native learning flowed alone,
Seen but of kindred eyes and partial souls ;
To-day through alien realms its course has gone,
And now its broader stream majestic rolls

Through English plains, and with it seems to bear
The freshness of the untrodden snow-clad hills,
A quire of youthful voices keen and fair,
The blended accents of unnumbered rills.

Go, daring bark, upon the wider stream ;
Go to what hidden end thy fate doth call ;
Aiding our country's yet imperfect dream ;
Go, be thy lot to vanquish or to fall !

Thou and thy venturous comrades, small and great,
Are freighted with our Cambria's hopes and fears ;
Thou shalt not miss, whate'er the award of Fate,
One favouring hand, at least, one voice which cheers.

Sail, with Imperial England, round the earth,
Using the lordly tongue which sways the Race ;
But oh ! forget not thou the Cymric grace,
The snows, the heaven-kissed summits of thy birth !

FROM AN ENGLISH SERMON.

MORE glorious shall the Future be
Than the dead Past. For those who scan
The chequered page of history,
The time-stained palimpsest of Man.

'Tis as the melancholy hum
Which sometimes on the musing ear
Doth, with vague cries, at nightfall come
From the great city festering near.

No joyous sound, but sad and stern
Echoes of sin and fear and pain,
Of eyes that weep and souls that yearn,
Of lifelong struggles waged in vain.

A dreary record full of Wrong,
Triumphant o'er the power of Right ;
Salvation only for the strong,
And brief day swallowed by swift night.

Then the blank silence of the grave,
Poet and sage and ruler gone ;
Wisdom and Eloquence past and done,
The monarch rotting by the slave.

Ay, all are vanished, all is still
Where once Life's mingled clamours rose
Devoid of hope, if free from ill,
They lie together, friends and foes.

Or one faint voice survives to sound
Loud requiems when the nations die,
While from the listening ages round
Sobs the thin phantom of a sigh.

We pass, we mark with pitying eye
Story on story sink in gloom,
As one who careless hurries by
The moss-grown legends of the tomb.

More glorious shall the Future be
Than the dead Past. Behold how fair,
Lit by the light of Prophecy,
A gift the Orient ages bear.

The fiend of Ignorance lies dead,
Brute aspect and contracted brow ;
Her twin, Idolatry, has fled,
Dark rites, foul spells have vanished now.

No more the Tyrant's numbing chains
And soul-oppressing prisons are ;
Nor, with his myriad woes and pains
And thunderous roar, the fiend of War.

Nor Doubt, half-sister of Despair,
 Makes Faith grow cold and Godhead dim ;
Nor shuddering Poverty is there,
 With fleshless face and shivering limb.

But an angelic Sisterhood
 Reigns in their stead. With smiles of light,
Fair Knowledge beckons on to good,
 And bids us keep and love the Right.

Pure as the moon, strong as the sun,
 And lovely as the opening morn,
Faith, from her sepulchre re-born,
Links God and suffering Man in one.

And Liberty, with radiant face,
 White-robed, upon the mountains stands,
And waves benign, with outstretched hands,
A benediction on the Race.

And Peace sits throned, at whose calm feet
Asleep the lamb and lion lie,
Till, to angelic music sweet,
A beam of glory parts the sky.

And, from the illumined depths of Space,
Peals forth a high Celestial Voice—
God calling a regenerate Race
To look upon Him and rejoice.

ODE ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE
OF YORK AND PRINCESS VICTORIA
MARY OF TECK, JULY 6, 1893.

COME, let us sing
A nuptial song! For now Life's gracious year,
'Scaping the wintry glooms of pain and fear,
And tears for young days uncompleted here,
Passes the fleeting virgin blooms of Spring
To early Summer, and a people's voice
Makes ready to rejoice
Through all our boundless Empire, far and wide,
'With gifts and loyal wishes welcoming
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

No new charm draws
The hearts of high and low, but primal, old,
Simple as Life, yet like it manifold,
This glamour which transmutes our dross to gold,
This all-entrancing and compelling cause
Which links two separate hearts, two several minds,
With golden links, and binds
By its own strong indissoluble laws,
Closer than any bond of heaven or earth,
Two diverse essences imperfect else,
In a new mystic Birth.

Myriads of hearts to-day
Beat fast for Love's approach. In many a home
In dewy English parks, 'neath secular trees,
The eyes of maids and mothers, which grew wet
For that which none forget,
Kindle with joy to see the young God come.

Myriads of humbler hearths by field or town
Are fain of it, and do rejoice with these ;
Thro' all our greater Britain loyal souls,
'Twixt whom and us the ocean vainly rolls,
By hill or lonely plain, or sea-vexed isle,
Or where the warm waves kiss the palm-fringed strand,
Or silent sombre, listening forests stand,
Hear the glad news, and smile,
And live their Past anew, and homeward turn
With hearts and souls that yearn,
Seeing again their lost youth glorified
In Bridegroom and in Bride.

Great Heaven ! how vast a load of love is here
To burden youth and maid ;
Joyous indeed and blithe, and full of cheer,
Yet strong to make afraid.
How dense a flight of soaring suffrages

Mounts to the skies for these,
These young lives, all untried, on whom shall
weigh,—

Pray Heaven, on some remote unthought-of day,—

A load of Empire and of care,

Well-nigh too great to bear ;

These young brows, which one day shall be drawn
down

Beneath the Imperial Crown.

Sometimes, sometimes may be,

Amid the irksome round of ceremony, ,

Salt airs shall seem to whisper from the sea,

And soon the loud imperious ocean-sound

Shall drown the courtly voices round, ,

And once again, for the bold sailor's soul,

The deep storm-music shall begin to roll,

And the stout ship exulting, rise to brave

The impending ocean-wave,
Steered thro' black night against the invisible surge.
Or when unwonted cares of State shall urge,
By some remembered tropic isle
Again the liquid azure seem to smile,
And he, the ennobling toil and peril past,
Lie free to rest at last.

Sometimes, fair maid, for thee,
When the unending pageant tires,
Amid the heat, the gems, the glare,
The heavy perfumed lifeless air,
Some youthful memories yet
May make those soft eyes wet,
And thou again wilt come to yearn
For happy scenes which never shall return,
The long-armed oaks, the fawns amid the fern,
And dream again a gracious dream

Of sweet June twilights on the brimming stream
Or innocent school-feasts, or the boyish quires
And ivied church, or thou wilt soothe again
Some child's pathetic pain,
Till the rapt, musing girl forgets the Queen,
And all that since has been.

Peace, Love is Lord of all !
Nor shall grave thought to-day nor care
Stay the gay tide of nuptial song.
Peaceful may be their wedded lives, and long,
Their fateful voyage fair ;
Whatever good things Fortune holds in store
Be theirs in affluent plenty, more and more ;
The duteous love of children to assuage
The growing ills of Age.
Whatever solace wealth and Regal State
Can give to lives by Fate made isolate

Be theirs, and all-pervading Peace
Secure their Realm's increase !
Beyond their latest days may our dear England be
Mighty by land and Sovereign of the Sea !

And since from all men they must live apart,
Ah, let them grow together, heart to heart !
Tho' the World spread her toils of Pride and Sense,
Let not their heedless footsteps fall,
But let them dwell in wedded innocence.
Treasure thou, Prince, treasure this priceless thing,
This home-born blossom of our English Spring.
Cling to thy Love, fair girl ; be it thy care
To shield him from a Court's too perilous air.
White lily and white rose, bloom ye together
Thro' long unclouded summer weather,
Till comes the wintry wind which severs all.
Long years, a grateful people's love,

Reveres a blameless life, a widowed Throne,
Where goodness sits apart, august, alone,
And ye on either side,
Each nurtured in a tranquil English home,
Bridegroom and Bride,
Rich in a father's care, a mother's love,
Midst homely virtues learned to live and move ;
The modest state ye know, the healthful sport
Which scorns the pomp and glamour of a Court.
Still let these wholesome memories come,
Still keep through all your years this precious
thought :

There lives no precept but the eternal "Ought."
The old bad rule of luxury and vice
Is lost to-day in generous sacrifice ;
No Power there is can draw the multitude
Save the pure might of Good !

Then let us joy, nor all forget
England is merry England yet ;
For Age and Childhood spread the humble feast,
Make the poor glad for one bright day at least.
Upon a thousand village greens to-day
Youth's lightsome feet shall dance and all be gay ;
From North to South, from East to West,
With flags and jewelled fires be burgh and city drest ;
Let white stars float upon the evening skies,
From the high summits let the joy-fires rise ;
Let the resounding cannon's harmless voice
Proclaim to all that all to-day rejoice ;
Break chimes in spray upon the summer air,
Flutter gay ensigns, martial trumpets blare :
This is our solemn day of mirth,
Let Youth exult and Age o'er all our British earth.
The Son of England comes to-day to wed,
Heir of her glorious Past, her deathless Dead ;

Heir to her wider Future yet to be,
To her Imperial gains, her Sovereign Fate ;
Her Lord one day, and Ruler of her will ;
Yet of a higher name and office still,—
First Citizen of the State !

SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTICES
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LEWIS MORRIS.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

FIRST SERIES.

"The chief poem of the book is an allegory of the modern soul. It is like both an 'Odyssey' and a 'Faust,' but being within the compass of forty-four pages, of course runs chiefly over the surface of these vast problems and searching experiences. Yet it seizes the point of successive phases of the spirit's effort and craving in a remarkable way."—*Fortnightly Review*, July 15th, 1872.

"In 'The Wanderer,' the verse describing Socrates has that highest note of critical poetry, that in it epigram becomes vivid with life, and life reveals its inherent paradox. It would be difficult to describe the famous irony of Socrates in more poetical and more accurate words than by saying that he doubted men's doubts away."—*Spectator*, February 17th, 1872.

SECOND SERIES.

"In earnestness, sweetness, and the gift of depicting nature, the writer may be pronounced a worthy disciple of his compatriot, Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. Several of the shorter poems are instinct with a noble purpose and a high ideal of life. The most noteworthy poem is the 'Ode on a Fair Spring Morning,' which has somewhat of the charm and truth to nature of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.' It is the nearest approach to a master-piece in the volume."—*Saturday Review*, May 30th, 1874.

"This volume contains at least one poem of great originality, as well as many of much tenderness, sweetness, and beauty. 'The Organ Boy' we have read again and again, with fresh pleasure on every reading. It is as exquisite a little poem as we have read for many a day."—*Spectator*, June 13th, 1874.

THIRD SERIES.

"Not unworthy of its predecessors. It presents the same command of metre and diction, the same contrasts of mood, the same grace and sweetness. It cannot be denied that he has won a definite position among contemporary poets."—*Times*, October 16th, 1875.

"'Evensong' shows power, thought, and courage to grapple with the profoundest problems. In the 'Ode to Free Rome' we find worthy treatment of the subject and passionate expression of generous sympathy."—*Saturday Review*, July 31st, 1875.

"More perfect in execution than either of its predecessors. . . . The pure lyrics are sweeter and richer. In the 'Birth of Venus' every stanza is a little poem in itself, and yet a part of a perfect whole."—*Spectator*, May 22nd, 1875.

THE EPIC OF HADES.

BOOK II.*

"Ficsh, picturesque, and by no means deficient in intensity; but the most conspicuous merits of the author are the judgment and moderation with which his poem is designed, his self-possession within his prescribed limits, and the unfailing elegance of his

* Book II was issued as a separate volume prior to the publication of Books I. and III. and of the complete work.

composition, which shrinks from obscurity, exuberance, and rash or painful effort as religiously as many recent poets seem to cultivate such interesting blemishes. . . .”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 10th, 1876.

“‘Marsyas’ is full of fine fancy and vivid description. His ‘Andromeda’ has to us one recommendation denied to Kingsley, —a more congenial metre; another is its unstrained and natural narrative.”—*Saturday Review*, May 20th, 1876.

“The passage in which Apollo’s victory over Marsyas and its effect are described is full of exquisite beauty. It is almost as fine as verse on such a subject could be. . . . From the first line to the last, the high and delicate aroma of purity breathes through the various spiritual fables.”—*Spectator*, May 27th, 1876.

“The writer has shown himself more critical than his friends. . . . This long passage studded with graces.”—*Academy*, April 29th, 1876.

BOOKS I. and III. and the COMPLETE WORK.

“Not only ambitious, but audacious, for it necessarily awakens reminiscences of Dante. Not unfrequently he is charmingly pathetic, as in his Helen and Psyche. There is considerable force and no small imagination in the description of some of the tortures in the ‘Tartarus.’ There is genuine poetical feeling in the ‘Olympus.’ . . . But it is more easy to give honest general praise than to single out particular extracts.”—*Times*, February 9th, 1877.

“The whole of this last portion of the poem is exceedingly beautiful. . . . Nor will any, except critics of limited view, fail to recognize in the Epic a distinct addition to their store of those companions of whom we never grow tired.”—*Athenæum*, March 3rd, 1877.

"One of the most considerable and original feats of recent English poetry."—*Saturday Review*, March 31st, 1877.

"Will live as a poem of permanent power and charm. It will receive high appreciation from all who can enter into its meaning, for its graphic and liquid pictures of external beauty, the depth and truth of its purgatorial ideas, and the ardour, tenderness, and exaltation of its spiritual life."—*Spectator*, May 5th, 1877.

"I have lately been reading a poem which has interested me very much, a poem called 'The Epic of Hades.' It is, as I view it, another gem added to the wealth of the poetry of our language."—*Mr. Bright's speech on Cobden, at Bradford*, July 25th, 1877.

"I have read the 'Epic of Hades,' and find it truly charming. Its pictures will long remain with me, and the music of its words."—*OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*, April, 1884.

THE EPIC OF HADES.

ILLUSTRATED QUARTO EDITION.

"Of Mr. Chapman's illustrations it is pleasant to be able to speak with considerable admiration, not only because they are a fortunate echo of the verse, and represent the feelings and incidents of the 'Epic,' but because of their intrinsic merits. There is in them a fine and high inspiration of an indefinite sort."—*Athenæum*, March 29th, 1879.

"'The Epic of Hades' is certainly one of the most remarkable works of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Here is an *édition de luxe* which may possibly tempt the unthinking to search for the jewel within the casket."—*World*, February 12th, 1879.

"The author has been most fortunate in his illustrator. The designs are gems of drawing and conception, and the mezzotint is admirably adapted to the style of drawing and subject."—*Art Journal*, April, 1879.

"'The Epic of Hades' has already won a place among the immortals. These designs are noteworthy for their tenderness of sentiment and their languid grace."—*Daily News*, April 2nd, 1879.

GWEN : .

A DRAMA IN MONOLOGUE.

"The charm of this beautiful little poem is its perfect simplicity of utterance ; its chastened and exquisite grace. The genius of the author has closed an idyll of love and death with a strain of sweet, sad music in that minor key which belongs to remembrance and regret."—*Daily News*, January 22nd, 1879.

"Few among the later poets of our time have received such a generous welcome as the author. He has been appreciated not by critics alone, but by the general public. . . . The charm of 'Gwen' is to be found in the limpid clearness of the versification, in the pathetic notes which tell the old story of true love wounded and crushed."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 8th, 1879.

"The writer has gained inspiration from themes which inspired Dante ; he has sung sweet songs and musical lyrics ; and whether writing in rhyme or blank verse, has proved himself a master of his instrument."—*Spectator*, July 26th, 1879.

THE ODE OF LIFE. .

"The 'Ode of Life' ought to be the most popular of all the author's works. People flock to hear great preachers, but in this book they will hear a voice more eloquent than theirs, dealing with the most important subjects that can ever occupy the thoughts of man."—*Westminster Review*, July, 1880.

"The author is one of the few real poets now living. Anything at once more sympathetic and powerful it would be difficult to find in the poetry of the present day."—*Scotsman*, May 11th, 1880.

"A high devout purpose and wide human sympathy ennoble all the writer's work, and his clear language and quiet music will retain his audience."—*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1880.

SONGS UNSUNG.

"Some of the more important pieces make almost equal and very high demands alike on my sympathy and my admiration."—MR. GLADSTONE, November, 1883.

"The reader of his former work will probably commence this volume with considerable expectations. Nor will he be altogether disappointed, although he will probably wish that Mr. Morris had given the world more of his exquisite classical workmanship."—*Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883.

"The 'New Creed' is, in some respects, his most striking achievement. The poem is one well suited to his mind, but we are not aware that he has ever before written anything

at once so impressive, so solemn, and so self-restrained. The last two lines have all the happy energy of the highest poetry."—*Spectator*, November 10th, 1883.

"For ourselves we dare hardly say how high we rank Mr. Morris. This last volume is deserving of highest praise. In some of its contents no living poet, to our mind, can surpass him."—*Oxford University Herald*, March 8th, 1884.

"In some respects we must award him the distinction of having a clearer perception of the springs of nineteenth-century existence than any of his contemporaries. . . . What could be more magnificent than the following conception of the beginning of things. . . ."—*Whitehall Review*, October, 1883.

"This volume is likely to add to his reputation. It is healthy in tone, and shows no decline of the varied qualities to which the author owes his widespread reputation."—*Times*, June 9, 1884.

G Y C I A .

"'Gycia' abounds in powerful dramatic situations, while the intricate evolutions of a double plot in love and statecraft provoke perpetual curiosity, which is only fully satisfied at the end. The heroine, in her single-minded patriotism and her undeviating devotion to duty, rises to the level of the loftiest feminine conceptions of the old Greek dramatists. The form of the verse is so picturesque, and the flow is so free, that we should say, if effectively delivered, it must command an appreciative audience. It would have been difficult for any poet to do full justice to the thrilling scene where Gycia denounces the treason of her husband and his countrymen to the chief magistrates of the

State. Yet Mr. Morris has done it well."—*Times*, October 18th, 1886.

"The *dramatis personæ* have life and individuality; the situations are for the most part strong and rich in really dramatic effects; and the action never drags, but is always in determinate progressive movement. A drama of which these things can be truthfully said is not merely good as drama, but has that element of popularity which is of more practical value than the absolute goodness of which only critics take account."—MR. J. A. NOBLE, *in the Academy*, November 20th, 1886.

"It is hardly necessary to praise the nobility and the dignity, the sweetness and the strength, of Mr. Morris's verse. 'Gycia' will add to his already firmly founded reputation as a dramatic poet and writer of noble blank verse. It is one of the few works by recent English poets that seem capable of thrilling an audience upon the stage, as well as enchaining the mind of the student in the chamber."—*Scotsman*, November 10th, 1886.

"I have lost no time in reading your tragedy. I perused it with great interest, and a sense throughout of its high poetic powers."—MR. GLADSTONE, October 20th, 1886.

"To take up 'Gycia' is not to lay it aside again until you have read it through to the last page. It possesses all the requisites for a good play. Whether it succeed on the stage or not, and we heartily wish it success, it will ever be read with pleasure by those who can appreciate what there is of refined and beautiful, noble and true in literature, or art, or higher things still."—*The Month*, January, 1887.

SONGS OF BRITAIN.

"Mr. Morris has done well to incorporate in his new volume three stories of Wild Wales, which are its most important portion. They are told with spirit and charm of local colour. In his treatment of subjects already free of Parnassus, he has a happy way of hitting off charming pictures and felicitous modes of expression."—*Athenæum*, April 30th, 1887.

"Mr. Morris's new book strikes us as being by much the most popular that he has yet put forth, and displays greater poetic quality than he has ever before shown. His verse is richer, fuller, and more melodious, but, better than this, his feeling for his subject is well-nigh perfect. Such lightness of touch and such sympathy he has never before shown. It is easy to mar the exquisite beauty of such gossamer things as these old traditions, but he has not done so by so much as a jarring word. Softly, sweetly, tenderly, the story glides along, and not until the last word is reached is the spell broken. Mr. Morris has here cut his highest niche as a poet."—*Liverpool Mercury*, April 30th, 1887.

"As to technical form and diction, his fame will rest on his blank verse, which is remarkably lucid, even, and sustained, often powerful, and sometimes highly beautiful. He composes fine pictures, and paints them well and strongly with a certain mannerism—the manner of Tennyson at his best. In the beautiful poem, 'In Pembrokeshire, 1886,' and elsewhere, he gives us the perfect atmosphere and sentiment of scenery, but then so many of the moderns have caught this art."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23rd, 1887.

A VISION OF SAINTS.

PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION.

"It would be easy to quote a score of passages to show that he can still write blank verse which for harmony, purity of inspiration, and simplicity of diction cannot easily be matched. In the story of S. Christopher there are lines of singular beauty."—*St. James's Gazette*, 1890.

"The most successful of his works."—*Christian World*, 1890.

"The 'Vision of Saints' is so superb a thing, so rich, so full, so strong, stimulating, and elevating in thought, so fine in imagery and exquisite in execution, so admirably balanced and rounded, that we feel guilty of something like sacrilege in dismissing it with a few brief comments. The book is a casket of gems."—*Publishers' Circular*, 1890.

"Recalls the success of the 'Epic of Hades.' Will receive a hearty welcome from all who can appreciate high thought expressed in noble verse. What an immense power is at the command of the writer who ventures to take for his theme a subject that touches the inmost heart of man!"—*Literary World*, 1891.

"We have again the same polished language, the same air of scholarly refinement as before, the fit words in fitting order that make his blank verse, if not the highest, yet very near it."—*Bookseller*, 1891.

"He has gone near to repenting the wonderful success of the 'Epic of Hades.'"—*Liverpool Daily Post*, 1891.

"In this poem he has lost nothing of his deep sense of beauty, his vivid fancy, or his mastery of the music of English verse."—*Daily News*, 1891.

"Sympathy with heroic suffering is the keynote of the volume, deep earnestness is revealed in every page. 'A Vision of Saints' is a book which cannot be neglected."—*Liverpool Mercury*, 1891.

"As good as anything that he has done, and his large circle of readers will greet it with a renewal of old pleasure."—*Scotsman*, 1891.

"Worthy to rank with the 'Ode of Life' in power, sweetness, and melody, and, like the 'Epic of Hades,' full of lines of exquisite beauty and far-reaching moral suggestiveness."—*Leeds Mercury*, 1891.

"With the exception of the 'Epic,' it is much the most conspicuous piece of work that Mr. Morris has given us. For simple narrative we know hardly any writer of the present day who is master of a style equally inimitable. The poet who is recognized as the interpreter of his generation is the popular poet of his time. He may not be the greatest poet of his age. But he holds a great position, and may do much for good or evil. In the fullest sense that position is occupied for the generation now closing by Lord Tennyson, and next to him there is no one who has been so widely accepted by the run of general readers as Mr. Lewis Morris."—*Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1891.

"His voice is not the voice of science rebuking science, nor always of higher knowledge silencing lower, nor can he always give us a sound reason for the faith that is in him. But as the poet of the religion of our fathers, he has spoken not in vain. For above all, he is full of that sincerity which Carlyle considered indispensable to true greatness. . . . Many that read him will feel a fresh comfort and consolation which they will not scorn to acknowledge."—*Murray's Magazine*, January, 1891.

"It is written in singularly clear and graceful blank verse. Throughout this long poem his verse is never trivial; passages

of dignified narrative, of graceful description, of eloquent pathos, succeed each other in pleasant alternation without any failure of ear or relaxation of artistic effort on the part of the poet. As mere stories, most of these sketches could not easily be surpassed, and their graceful music is sure to be widely popular."—*Academy*, February 28, 1891.

"‘A Vision of Saints’ has a commanding force of influence upon the sympathies of all who are moved to reverential admiration of deeds of self-sacrifice in the great cause of the Faith. The success which he has achieved is marked."—*Liverpool Mercury*, January, 1891.

"The story of S. Roch is not so clearly told as is usual with Mr. Morris, but that of S. Francis of Assisi is put with a clearness and an accompanying pleasantness of description which call for praise."—*Athenæum*, March 14, 1891.

"We are much mistaken if the ‘Vision of Saints’ will not prove to be the most widely popular of all the efforts of his muse."—*Sheffield Independent*, March 26, 1891.

"Fluency and suavity, the chief characteristics of Mr. Morris's blank verse, are admirably suited to adorn the gentle earnestness which marks his thought to enshrine the calm long-suffering heroism of his saints. Of the ‘Vision of Saints’ we can say heartily, in Mr. Morris's own words, what we believe will be the verdict of every open-minded reader—

‘These high processions lingering with me seemed
To purify my soul.’"

—*Speaker*, March 28, 1891.

